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| Column | C

Poetry.

Midsammer Eve. A sunset giory lines the West With streaks of crimton. In the pine The ring duce marmurs or her rest, And myrad golden stariets shine.

Upon the fair, calm hour of night, As an her cable rell lets fail, The swallows from the disry height Of wirld steeple twittering call.

And so the breast of silver stream, The Blies quiver, while the sight Of restling night brease, like a dream, Silve their white blooms, and passes by